

Only Tales: The Girl Who Believed

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Category: Disney

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-15 17:04:58

Updated: 2014-03-15 17:04:58

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:04:41

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,414

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A Jelsa story telling how Jack Frost and Elsa first met.

Story one of the Only Tales trilogy. This is only a oneshot; the main story, Rise of the Big Four, will be a lot longer and will include Merida, Hiccup and Rapunzel. This is really kind of a prologue/prequel story. Rated K/T. Enjoy, R&R!

Only Tales: The Girl Who Believed

SUMMARY: Only Tales is a multi-crossover, featuring characters from Rise of the Guardians, Brave, Tangled, Frozen, How to Train Your Dragon and Hotel Transylvania. This is the first story in the trilogy, and is entitled The Girl Who Believed.

PAIRINGS: Jelsa (Jack Frost x Elsa)

NOTES: This story will most likely be a oneshot. However, it's the first instalment of three stories featuring the Big Four. This one will give background to Jack and Elsa (and Anna). The next story, which will hopefully be a lot longer, will be a story wholly based on The Big Four (Jack, Merida, Rapunzel and Hiccup). The final story will be set a year after the second one, and will feature The Big Four, the Guardians, Johnny and Mavis from Hotel Transylvania, and the Frozen gang. The primary antagonist for the second and third story will be Pitch Black, with appearances from Mother Gothel and probably the evil bear guy from Brave etc. So expect lots and lots of chapters! I'll try to keep it interesting for you. Enjoy! uwu

DISCLAIMER: I don't own any of the characters or settings, but this adaptation of their story belongs to me, and I'd appreciate it if you didn't plagiarize.

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The Girl Who Believed

My name is Jack Frost. How do I know that? The Moon told me so.

The white-haired boy sighed to himself as he circled the sky for the millionth time. Nothing seemed to be of interest to him; not the villages or the forests, not the people or the animals. It wouldn't have mattered either way; no one could see him, and no one cared or acknowledged his existence at all. Even the moon was ignoring him, but after almost three hundred years he supposed he was used to that. He'd always been this way; alone, seeking answers to questions and finding nothing except more solitude.

At least there aren't any rules to follow, he thought as he flew downwards, skimming the surface of the water below him with his staff and leaving a trail of icy whiteness behind him. He could do whatever he wanted, really. No one noticed him, so no one could tell him off or forbid him from doing it again. It was probably one of the only perks of being this way. Being Jack Frost.

He began to ride the wind over the nearby mountains, settling in midair on his back with his hands under his head. Suddenly, though, a bright glow caused him to turn around, and his eyes opened in wonder at what stood before him; a castle, surrounded by a village. Although it was night time, people were still milling about the streets, chatting and laughing. Children swung on their mother's hands and sat upon their father's shoulders and Jack felt a pang of jealousy deep inside him. Why didn't he ever have those things? Why couldn't he have been like normal kids? Maybe he had been - maybe he just didn't remember.

Jack glided nearer to the castle, suddenly interested in a new detail; a huge gate was blocking the village off from the castle. He frowned. Surely the King and Queen of whatever place this was would want to interact with their subjects? Maybe they were recluses. He shrugged, floating effortlessly over the top of the gate and into the castle courtyard. There didn't seem to be anyone around other than a few guards, who obviously couldn't see Jack as he ran up the nearest wall, leaving a trail of ice behind him and causing them to become very confused. He chuckled. "Works everytime," he smirked to himself, rolling his eyes at the baffled expressions on the guards' faces.

He kept running until he reached a closed window about halfway up, and peered in. He gaped as his gaze fell upon a sleeping girl of around ten years old, with platinum blonde hair. She lay with her back to him. Her skin was pale, and she wore a light blue nightgown. Jack felt his heart skip a beat, and slowly pushed the window open, lowering himself down silently onto his toes. He didn't really need to care about being quiet, but it was just a habit.

As he approached, the girl made a little sniffling sound, and he realised that she wasn't actually sleeping, but crying softly into her pillow. He blinked, instinctively reaching out to her before hastily drawing his hand back to his side. _She can't see you, idiot_, he reminded himself. Still, he tiptoed around the side of the bed to where the girl was facing, and crouched down in front of her. Her eyes were crushed shut, her fists clenched in front of her. He tilted his head, making a delicate snowflake in his hand. It danced along his fingers before floating towards her and landing on the tip of her nose. She flinched slightly, opening her eyes, which were a

stunning blue. Slowly, she focused on him, and blinked. "Hello?" she whispered. Jack stumbled back. Could she see him?

"Y-You just-" he spluttered. "You just talked...to me?" The little girl nodded slowly. "That means you can...you can see me? And hear me, too?"

"Yes," she answered. "Are you real?"

"I- real? I...I don't know...I think so?" he murmured, bewildered. This girl was actually talking to him, like he was a normal human being. But how?

He reached out his hand, aiming to touch hers, just to make sure she was real and that this wasn't just an amazing dream that he'd wake up from any time now. But the little girl shifted away from him quickly, shaking her head. "Y-You can't. I'll hurt you," she whispered, her eyes filling up with tears. Jack frowned.

"You'll hurt me? How?"

"I'm...d-different."

"Different's not a bad thing," he smiled softly.

"It is for me. I'm really different. I have...I can do things...that other people can't do." Jack blinked.

"Like what?" She seemed hesitant. "C'mon. I can do things that make me different too. I'll show you if you show me." Slowly, the blonde girl nodded, sitting up. She began to twirl her fingers, and Jack's eyes opened as wide as bowling balls as a glowing orb of what looked like ice appeared in her hands. She threw it up in the air, and suddenly it was snowing in her bedroom. Her cheeks reddened slightly as Jack stared at her, unable to comprehend what he was seeing. "Y-You...can control ice and snow?" She nodded, ashamed. Without thinking, Jack grabbed her hands, with a grin a mile wide. "That's so cool!"

"I-It is?" she squeaked, too surprised to pull her hands away.

"Yeah! You're just like me?"

"What?" she gasped. Jack picked up his staff, and drew a small flower of ice on the wall. Elsa giggled in spite of herself, clapping her hands. "Pretty!" Jack grinned, turning to her.

"What's your name, kid?"

"I'm Elsa," she replied.

"Jack. Jack Frost." He suddenly picked her up around the waist and began spinning her around. The feeling felt familiar, somehow...he just didn't know where from. Elsa clung to him, smiling. "Hey," he chuckled, putting her down after about five rotations. "Do you wanna play?"

"My parents might hear me..."

"Shall I let you into a little secret? So far, you're the only one who can see me. I'm kind of invisible to everyone else. Which makes you kinda special, don't you think?" Elsa blinked.

"I'm the...only one?" He nodded. "Then we should be friends! I don't really talk to anyone outside anymore..."

"Don't you have any siblings? Maybe they'll be able to see me too!"

"No!" Elsa squealed. Jack paused, glancing at her. "No...my little sister doesn't know about my powers...not anymore..." She looked like she was about to cry again, so Jack decided not to press her.

"Ah, well...never mind. I've got an idea. Elsa, do you wanna build a snowman?" Elsa seemed very reluctant for a moment or two, and she looked to be weighing up her options. Eventually, though, she nodded.

"Yeah," she smiled, waving her hands and making it snow again. Soon, there was a thick blanket of white snow on the ground, and the two of them began to roll up a ball for the body and one for the head. The snowman quickly took form, and Jack plucked two sticks and a handful of stones from outside Elsa's window, arranging them to make a face, buttons and arms. He made the snowman wave at her, and Elsa started laughing.

"What should we call him?" Jack asked.

"Hmm...Olaf," she murmured.

"Olaf it is," Jack smiled cheerfully.

"He likes warm hugs," she continued, beginning to smile at a memory she must have been experiencing.

"Does he now?" he laughed. "Well, I think he's a great snowman."

"Yeah," she nodded eagerly. "I love him."

"Me too," Jack agreed. "Now...how about a snowball fight?"

"I love snowball fights!" Elsa began to bounce up and down, gathering a bunch of snowballs and preparing to throw them at him. Jack gathered some ammo of his own, and was just about to fling one when a shocking blast of snow hit him square in the face, landing him on his butt. Elsa giggled guiltily. "Whoops!"

"You asked for it, kid!" Jack smirked, chucking a snowball of his own. Elsa just managed to turn her face away to avoid a faceful of snow, and ended up with it hitting the back of her head instead. The two of them carried on pitching snow at each other, squealing every time they got hit and laughing every time they landed a shot accurately.

"You're so slow!" Elsa teased as she threw yet another one at his face. Jack grinned, running silently up her bedroom wall and standing on the ceiling. Elsa gathered up some snow into her hands with her magic, creating a snowball about the size of Jack's head. Jack's jaw

dropped.

"Oh, cr-" He was cut off as the snowball was hurled at him, catching him square in the face and causing him to fall onto his back on the ground. It didn't hurt - the snow cushioned his fall - but there was no reason why he couldn't be a little mischievous, was there? He kept his eyes closed and didn't move from under the snowball. There was a shuffling noise, and he felt the snowball pushed off him.

"Jack! Wasn't that awesome?" Elsa giggled. She paused. "Jack? Heellllooooo?" Another pause. "Jack, this isn't funny!" Her voice began to sound more frantic, and before Jack could sit up and tell her it was all a joke, she flung herself at him, sobbing into his chest. He opened his eyes wide. She was actually crying. And she sounded terrified. "I-I did it again!" she whispered shakily. "Jack, I'm sorry...I'm sorry...!" Slowly, he wrapped his arms around her and held her close to him. Elsa looked up at him, her big blue eyes watery. "J-Jack? D-Don't do that to me ever again! Y-You scared me! I thought I'd hurt you!"

"Shhhhh," he murmured, rocking her back and forth. She rested her head against his chest, sniffing.

"You're a-an idiot," she mumbled tearfully. "I thought-"

"I know, I know," Jack sighed, stroking her hair gently. "I'm sorry." He waited for Elsa to stop crying, and carried on rocking her when she did. She clung to his shirt.

"Don't go," she whispered, sounding sleepy.

"I'll stay until you fall asleep."

"I don't want to be on my own."

"I'll be back tomorrow," he soothed. Elsa glanced at him.

"You promise?" she asked, holding her pinky out to him. He wrapped his own little finger around hers, nuzzling her cheek with his and making her giggle.

"I promise, silly. Now go to sleep." She nodded, yawning and curling up in his lap. Jack carried on stroking her hair until her eyes closed and her breathing slowed. Then he lifted her into his arms and carried her over to her bed, setting her down and pulling the covers up to her chin. He ducked down and kissed her forehead, and with a smile, grabbed his staff and flew out into the night, feeling for the first time in forever that just maybe his life had some kind of meaning, some kind of purpose. Because if that little girl liked him, there had to be some good left in the world. And he was going to hold onto it for as long as he could.

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Jack carried on visiting Elsa every day. Over time, she became less afraid of her abilities, and the two of them shared hours of fun everyday; hours that became days, and days that became months, and months that became years. Before he knew it, Elsa was thirteen, and Jack hadn't aged a day. One day, the blonde turned to him, her brow furrowed.

"Jack, why don't you ever get any older?" she asked, tilting her head. Jack frowned.

"You stop growing when you reach eighteen, silly," he answered, poking her nose.

"Yeah, but you never grow a beard like my father, and I know you don't shave."

"Maybe I just have an extremely youthful face," he grinned, posing. Elsa rolled her eyes.

"Seriously, though. Do you ever get older?" Jack's smile slipped from his face, and he looked away.

"No," he admitted. "I've been the same age for nearly three hundred years." Elsa blinked.

"Three hundred...nobody lives for that long!"

"Exactly," he whispered, his voice breaking. Slowly, it dawned on her, and Elsa took his hand.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You wouldn't have understood," he sighed.

"Maybe not. But it's always good to talk about your problems." He looked over at her, and couldn't help smiling. She was so strong, yet so fragile..

"Yeah," he nodded, squeezing her hand.

There was a sudden rhythmic knock on Elsa's door, and the girl sighed as a high-pitched voice called to her. "Elsa? Do you wanna build a snowman?" it asked.

"Go away, Anna," Elsa muttered, turning her head away. There was a pause.

"Okay...bye," Anna replied quietly. They listened as she trudged off down the hall, and Jack found that Elsa was now holding his hand really tight. He resisted the urge to flex his fingers.

"You okay?" he asked. She nodded, sniffing. "Really?"

"It's for the best," she replied monotonously. "It's best for Anna that I stay away from her. That way I can't hurt her, or anyone else."

"Don't you get lonely?"

"No. I have you, don't I?"

"Yeah...but-"

"Let's just stop talking about it. What should we play?" Jack didn't answer for a moment. Then he sighed.

"Wanna build a snowman?"

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Jack hovered in midair as the nineteen-year-old Elsa bade her parents goodbye; the King and Queen of Arendelle were going on a voyage to Corona, where the Queen's sister and her husband ruled over the land. They'd be back in three weeks time. As they departed from Arendelle, Jack lowered himself down next to Elsa and gave her a sideways grin. "Well, what shall we do? You wanna build a sn-"

"Not today, Jack," Elsa answered, her voice void of any emotion. Jack frowned at her.

"What? What's wrong?"

"I'm not in the mood to play with you today. My parents are gone, and since I'm the oldest, it's my job to make sure the palace remains in order."

"How are you gonna do that if you're stuck in your room all the time?"

"I don't know!" she suddenly snapped. Jack flinched, taking a step back. Elsa didn't even look at him, and instead turned on her heel. He reached out and grabbed her hand.

"Everything's gonna be okay, Elsa. I promise." She stayed silent, and pulled her hand away, heading up the stairs and leaving him alone. "Elsa..." he sighed. She didn't seem to want to talk to him right now, so he decided to leave her alone for a while, just until she'd gotten whatever she had to do done. Without another word, he pushed the nearest window open and jumped out, letting the wind pick him up and not really caring where it took him.

That night, there was a terrible storm. Trees were near ripped from their roots, and you couldn't take a walk outside without fear of being blown away. Jack managed to take shelter during the worst of it, and when it was over the next morning, he flew straight to Elsa's window to check on her. There she was, sitting at a table with her gloved hands clasped on her lap. She didn't seem to have been affected majorly by the storm. He was just about to enter when a knock at the door resounded. Elsa stood gracefully and opened it, and there stood the King and Queen's royal messenger. His face looked grave, and Elsa frowned. "Is something wrong?" she asked.

"Princess, I am here to regretfully inform you that the King and Queen got caught up in the storm last night. Their ship was wrecked, and therefore I am very sorry to tell you that your mother and father did not survive." Elsa's eyes widened. "There will be a memorial service tomorrow."

"Thank you," she nodded. The messenger bowed, and she closed the door, leaning against it. Jack could see the tears begin to trickle down her cheeks, and before he could comfort her, she sunk down into a sitting position and sobbed. He landed on her bedroom carpet and slowly wandered over.

"Elsa?" he whispered. "Are you okay?" What a stupid question.

"I'm f-fine," she replied shakily. "J-Just go away.."

"No," he shook his head, taking her hands. She yanked them away and hugged her knees.

"Just leave, Jack."

"But-"

"You promised me everything would be okay!" she yelled, making him jump. "You lied to me!"

"I didn't know this was going to happen!" he spluttered.

"You promised. How am I meant to believe you?"

"C'mon, Elsie, please.."

"My name is Elsa," she answered sharply, getting to her feet and wiping any trace of tears away. "And-" She faltered, the colour suddenly draining from her face. "Jack?"

"What?" he frowned.

"Y-You're...fading..."

"No, I'm not," he blinked, looking down at himself. Then he realised what she meant. His eyes widened, and he reached out for her desperately. At first, his hand went right through hers, but he finally managed to get a grip on her fingers, and pulled her towards him. "Please, Elsa, no...you have to believe..."

"I can't," she whispered into his chest. "I'm sorry...but I can't...I'm scared...I don't want to hurt you..."

"Please, Elsie, please...! W-We can build snowmen all you want! And we can run away together!" But Elsa's eyes were already looking through him.

"Jack?" she suddenly asked, looking around. His heart shattered. She couldn't see him.

"Elsa, I'm right here!" he yelled, right into her ear. She carried on looking like she couldn't hear a thing.

So that was it. He was invisible again. He felt tears prick his eyes, and cupped her face with his hands. There was barely any feeling left, and he knew he didn't have much time before she'd be able to walk right through him. Slowly, he leaned in and kissed her on the lips, and he could have sworn he saw her eyes widen. But then it was gone, and he was gone, and he couldn't stay there a minute longer. He sprinted towards the window and flew as far as he could, leaving Elsa and who he was behind.

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**Aaaaaaaaaaaaaand that's it, folks. End of Chapter One. I hope it wasn't too feelsy. Yees, I know there's a kiss in the first bloody chapter, but I think we know enough about Jelsa's backstory to see that it was kinda necessary. Jack and Elsa had been best friends for

years, and he'd finally fallen in love with her...and then she stopped believing. ****_**FOR NOW**_****. Unfortunately, Elsa won't be featured again until after the Big Four adventure story I'm gonna be writing. In fact, I might make this into a oneshot that coincides with that story. After the Big Four/Guardians etc. crossover, I'll be setting a new story one year later, in which Jack will be off on his own again, and Elsa will have just been coronated. Oh, and Pitch is back. Sound good? Check back for updates!**

****~ Kat****

End
file.